

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE." — CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE LIFE OF RAMMOHUN ROY.—Miss Mary Carpenter has done another service to the cause of religion in writing "The Last Days in England of the Rajah Rammohun Roy." Second edition. Can be had, price 4s., at the Unitarian Rooms, 37, Norfolk-street, London.

IN FIFTEEN YEARS.—The Earl of Shaftesbury said, at the fortieth anniversary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society:—"You may depend upon it that if the Church of England does not recover the ground she has lost, fifteen years from this time will see us as a nation either Unitarians or Socinians." — RATHER HOPEFUL FOR US.

WORDS FOR THE HEADSHIP OF CHRIST.—Dr. Bartol, who is far from being what is called a conservative Unitarian, has pronounced the following true words for the Headship of Christ:—"Christian is a living word in all earthly language for which, in its magnificent compound meaning, there can be no substitute." "Let us not follow those who, in a Christian era, under a notion of enlargement, chiefly wish to make pagans of themselves." "Freedom is a blessed boon, but not the best; and it becomes a bane when insubordinate to truth. We have sown a seed of such independence as gives us, in not a few of our youth, and in some even of our moral teachers, a crop of crudity and conceit. In the intellectual generation of this day largely appear the pride and vanity, boastfully by those whose particular offspring they are, baptised for courage and progress. Standing still or advancing slowly is better than bravado and haste." "Every undertaking, with our critical apparatus, to overlook and measure the Master, fails. We cannot, on this mountain of the Lord, get high enough for its downward survey. From no wondrous balloon can we see it dwindle. The verdict, not of twelve, but of twelve thousands of millions of men, is for him as Redeemer and Guide."

A TEXT EXPLAINED.—In the New Testament the presence of Jesus Christ on earth is described as God visiting his people. And this phrase is not unfrequently used as an argument for the proper deity of the Saviour. One of the circulars of our orthodox friends stating the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to London affirms "God is visiting London, and giving great blessings to multitudes," &c. &c. No one will infer the deity of the above gentlemen from such a statement.

A HINT TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.—Our correspondent at Cheltenham asks us to print the following note. For its valuable hints we express our thanks. Several churches have done what our friends at Cheltenham suggest:—"It has been thought that you could with some advantage to the circulation of the FREEMAN take notice in its pages of the way in which we have succeeded in so short a time in getting so goodly a subscription list. Since the opening of our new school we have given monthly prizes to deserving scholars. But as we confined ourselves to penny and halfpenny periodicals, some difficulty was experienced in finding such as were free from doctrines which we as Unitarians do not believe, and the difficulty was one which nothing but a careful looking over, month by month, of the various periodicals now published could overcome, inasmuch as the very publication which one month was all that could be desired would the next month be pretty well all that one would not desire. Our respected minister, the Rev. D. Griffith, suggested, as a means of overcoming the difficulty, that the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN should be taken, and this advice, after some discussion, was taken. The congregation was then appealed to to help us in the matter by becoming subscribers, and the result was that thirty-two subscribers readily gave in their names for forty-five copies, twelve of which are generously given to the school. One kind lady friend, partly misapprehending our appeal, sent us a welcome donation in money." Cheltenham takes fifty-two copies monthly.

MINISTERIAL REST.—The *Jewish Messenger* says: "Give our rabbis summer rest. Let us thrust it upon them, if some are reluctant to take it." Christian ministers seldom need much urging in this direction.

VAIN SHOW.—Dr. Bagshawe, the new Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has revived a ceremony in commemoration of Christ washing the feet of his apostles before the Last Supper. A dozen boys dressed in white, and having bare legs, were ranged in a row, and the bishop, with great ceremony, washed each boy's foot and then kissed it!

REASONS FOR GOING TO CHURCH.—*Punch* had some time ago a funny page on the above, divided into masculine reasons and feminine reasons. We subjoin a few of both.—Because Canon Manley is sure to utter some hometruth from the pulpit which nobody dare say out of it, and one likes to see how awfully scandalised the old fogies of both sexes are sure to be at it. Because one likes to see how near that young Rubrick can get to Rome without actually crossing the Rubicon. Because, unless I go to-day, the opportunity may be lost, as—if one is to believe my liberationist neighbour, old Jawkins—the Church is safe to be disestablished, if not next week, next year at latest. *Feminine:* My bonnet is the loveliest in the village, and it is a duty to show the country girls what a really tasteful thing in dress means. Because one likes to look at other people's bonnets and dresses; and nothing but seeing could make one believe what execrable taste most English girls have!

QUEER PRAYERS.—The *Christian Union*, an American paper, reports some queer prayers, one in behalf of Dr. Curry, and the other by Dr. Finney. The first was at a Methodist Conference: "Lord, thou knowest that Dr. Curry is called an old fogey by many; but we thank thee that thou didst ever raise him up to become editor of the New York *Journal and Advocate*. We thank thee for the many bold and learned editorials penned by him, and sent forth to educate and encourage the Church; but we do pray thee, O Lord, that thou wilt forgive him for ever having written that heretical editorial on the Resurrection." At a social conference, in New York city, Dr. Finney is said to have prayed for an unstable and inconsistent friend: "O Lord, we pray thee to bless brother ——, and fix him somewhere, so that we may know where to find him." The last prayer would not be wholly inappropriate in some other conferences. The name of the vacillating theologians is legion.

STANDING OBJECTIONS.—A pastor, telling of the obstacles to reform in his parish, said: "Two objections are likely to be raised by my people against any plan of improvement proposed, either of which would be fatal to the plan. One is: 'We never tried that in this church.' The other is: 'We tried that once, and it didn't go.'" These objections are not unknown in other parishes.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—In the days when an Arminian was looked upon pretty much as a Unitarian is now, a Rev. Dr. who was suspected of a leaning towards the liberalism of the times, was waited upon by an old lady of his parish, who said: "Dr., they say you are an Armenian; now do tell me whether it's true." Why, my good woman," said the Dr., "I was born in Danvers!" "There, now," said she, "I told 'em it couldn't be so."

TO MAKE A GOOD SERVANT.—Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self-control, a pound and a-half of patience, a pound and a-half of justice, a pound of consideration, and a pound of discipline. Let this be sweetened with charity, let it simmer well, and let it be taken in daily or (in extreme cases) in hourly doses—and be kept always on hand. Then the domestic wheels will run quite smoothly.—*Woman's Journal*.

THE BROAD AND NARROW WAY.—A young Berkshire rector, who recently preached for a clerical friend, the vicar of a neighbouring town, not a hundred miles from Hungerford, exhorted his congregation to pursue the narrow path which leadeth unto eternal life, and shun the broad road taken by sinners. The young clergyman, to the surprise of his auditory, announced that he should, at the close of the service, take his stand at the church door, and shake hands with each parishioner, at the same time asking each which way he or she was going—whether along the broad road or by the narrow path. True to his word, the preacher repaired to the church door, and the first member of the congregation who came up was a youth, with whom this practical clergyman shook hands in a very hearty manner, and then put the question, "Well, my friend, which way are you going?" The youth, who had clearly failed in comprehending the remarks he had so recently heard from the pulpit, replied, with perfect truth, "I'm going up the Mall, sir," an answer which afforded much amusement to those around. The youth who had been accosted was page to the vicar of the parish, and he was about returning to the parsonage house, which stands in that part of the town known as "The Mall."

REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.—"The most expensively dressed man I ever saw," writes a captain of the British navy, "was an African chief on the Gold Coast. His wives had anointed him with palm-oil and then powdered him from head to foot with gold-dust. You never saw in your life a man got up so utterly regardless of expense."

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE.—We have frequently encouraged our laymen to take part in the public religious services of our churches. A few Sundays ago Mr. Gladstone "read the first and second lessons on Sunday morning, and we have no doubt that the good people of Hawarden enjoyed listening to the distinguished layman. No statesman has ever had a more stainless reputation, and few clergymen are so well acquainted with theology."

TRUE CHRISTIAN UNION. — Some of our English friends will remember the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, who was among us for a few weeks some time ago. He has been installed as minister of the Unitarian Church at Buffalo U. S. The following gratifying report is from the *Buffalo Courier* :—"Last evening occurred the installation of the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, the new pastor of the Unitarian society in this city. The exercises, interesting in all respects, were especially memorable from the fact that they were participated in by clergymen of denominations not accustomed to such friendly affiliation with our Unitarian friends. Rev. Dr. Heacock, the large-minded and large-hearted pastor of the Lafayette-street Presbyterian Church, read the Scriptural lesson of the installation services ; Rev. J. D. Adams, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, led in the solemn act of supplication ; and Rev. L. J. Fletcher, pastor of the Universalist Church, was also present as a sympathising participant. We have no desire to place a strained construction on this somewhat unwonted exhibition of Christian liberality and fellowship, but we cannot help regarding it as indicative of a decided change of attitude on the part of what are known as the evangelical denominations of Christians. There was a time, as everybody knows, when by these the Unitarian belief was regarded as only an ameliorated form of infidelity, fatally defective in what was deemed an all-essential point of faith. We do not for a moment suppose that the evangelical clergymen who took part in the services of last evening have relaxed a hair's-breadth in their own adhesion to the creed of their denominations ; but they certainly permit us to infer that they are less strenuous as to the imposition of that creed upon others than once they would have been."

HISSING.—Coleridge, when lecturing as a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted—"When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder that they hiss."

PRAYER WITH THE SICK.—In 1842 Dr. Channing wrote to Miss Aiken: "We have some religious physicians who pray occasionally with their patients, and I suspect the prayer often does more good than the medicine. The diseases of civilisation are nervous to a very great degree—the very ones to be reached by spiritual agencies."

ASK NO QUESTIONS.—The American papers report that the Rev. G. H. Hepworth, who recently left the Unitarian body, said to his new people, "It is not well to question the actions in the Bible, and seek for explanations we may not find. What you want, I tell you, is faith—faith, my dear children. You should do just as you would do with your doctor's medicine—shut your eyes and swallow the dose." Precisely so, when religion is compounded of drugs, adds the *Golden Age*.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.—While all the excitement was going on in London about "the Blood of Christ," the theory of salvation by the revivalists, Dean Stanley uttered the following :—"It was obvious on the face of it that 'the blood of Christ' must be a figure of speech. The physical blood of Christ was the emblem of that which was so often expressed in the ancient Jewish law, that the blood was the life of a living creature, and the blood of Christ meant the inward essence of His character, or the most inward essence of the Christian society which represented Him—the life blood of Christendom. What, then, was the most essential part of Jesus Christ and of Christianity ? The answer could not be doubted for a moment. It was given by Ignatius of Antioch. The blood of Christ, he said, 'is love or charity.' These were the essence of the highest life of God, and the highest life of man and the essence of life and death of Jesus Christ. It was this love, stronger than death, this love manifesting itself in death, this love willing to sacrifice itself for the sake of others, which was the blood of the cross by which the multitudes of the sins of men were blotted out and washed and cleaned away. Love, generosity, magnanimity, kindness, toleration, forgiveness, and a host of kindred virtues were the things of which that blood was the emblem, and of which the Divine life and death were the supreme fulfilment. This was, indeed, the true blood, more precious than any ever brought by pilgrim or crusader in golden vessels from costly shrines, the love or charity of God to man—the love of charity of men to one another."

A DAY IN THE RED LODGE GIRLS' REFORMATORY.*

MORNING begins to dawn on the large, old, red pile of building, which is now the home of our children. As soon as the Cathedral clock chimes six from the sleeping city, the watchful matron's bell rouses the quiet household to another day of life and duty. The summons is quickly obeyed, teachers and children all rise; each dormitory being under suitable supervision, care is taken that proper attention is paid by every one of the inmates to personal neatness and cleanliness; then every girl, kneeling by the side of her own little bed, offers in silence her humble prayer to Him who has watched over her during the defenceless hours of sleep.

We deem the morning hours to be those which give a tone to the day, and wish to secure them for the improvement of such girls especially as are engaged in industrial work during the day. When the girls—over fifty—are assembled in the school-room, then, at half-past six, the house girls—and perhaps a few of the older ones who require extra teaching—accompany the schoolmistress and her assistant into a separate room, while the school-girls remain with the sewing-mistress, to repair their clothes, and arrange the needlework and knitting for the day; the backward ones receive an extra lesson from our steady young monitor, an orphan girl, who was rescued by some benevolent ladies from a dreadful scene of vice, and who means to make this her home. Some of the older school-girls begin now to learn house-work by doing various domestic offices in the house, preparatory to the morning meal and the day's work. We have no separate dining-room, so, when the school-room requires to be prepared for breakfast, our little maids get a brisk run in

* This institution was the first reformatory established in Great Britain for the reception of convicted girls, in August, 1854.

The premises were purchased for the purpose by the late Lady Noel Byron, the widow of the poet, in September, 1854. A few girls entered the Red Lodge, as volunteers, during the month of October. In accordance with the desire of Lady Byron, Miss Carpenter undertook the sole management of the institution, which she still retains.

the garden, to their heart's content. The class-room for the older girls—some five-and-twenty, perhaps—presents meanwhile a very pleasing spectacle to the visitor who will look in on them at that early hour. We have taken care to provide a good teaching power, to surmount the very great difficulties we have to contend with; the work is easier both to teacher and taught, if the instructor is not only zealous and earnest, but thoroughly conversant with the nature of her work, and the best way of imparting knowledge.

The prayer bell rings at eight; the girls are all marshalled in order together, each having in her hand her school hymn book, and those who can read, the Bibles which they have purchased with their little earnings. Quietly do they walk with their teachers up that fine old oaken staircase to the grand carved oak drawing-room. Few houses, or even royal palaces, can boast so noble a remnant of antiquity as this. It was probably added to the original building by the knight, its proprietor, in the Elizabethan age, and evidently no expense had been spared by him to make it as perfect a specimen of the taste of that era as genius and the best material could effect. Tradition says that royalty was received in this, which was formerly called the Throne-room, in two reigns; it has also been the scene of many distinguished gatherings of the most accomplished and scientific of the age. No costly furniture interferes with its grand proportions, nor mars its marvellous beauty; and it is now consecrated to a higher and holier purpose than was ever contemplated by its original possessor. Our scholars reverently take their places, and the matron, who has been preparing at her quiet breakfast for the duties of the day, comes in to lead the worship of the household.

The matron then conducts the girls to their simple breakfast, over which she presides, as well as over their other meals, having previously finished her own, and the teachers now take theirs alone in comfort. We never leave our children without a teacher among them, and at the same time we take care to arrange that those who have such diffi-

cult and anxious work, shall have, during the day, various periods for refreshment of spirits. Poor girls! the unhealthy physical condition of most of them tells a sad tale of the misery of their former lives. The meal-time must of course be orderly, but is never gloomy, for the kind matron often tells the children of something which has interested herself, or perhaps reads them something entertaining, to give a cheerful turn to their thoughts.

Breakfast ended, the real work of the day commences. The elder girls go to their laundry duties, which occupy them until tea-time; by these they are learning to exercise their muscles, to gain that mastery over bodily labour which will make toil a pleasure, and thus to earn their bread honestly in the world when they leave our care. The hour between nine and ten is a busy one; in every part of the premises the young workers are seen doing their part to bring the house into perfect order, arranging the dormitories, polishing the old oak of the staircase, preparing in the kitchen for the noon-day meal, cleaning and dusting the school-room and work-room, or in the garden making everything neat, and having a good game of play when all is completed.

The ten o'clock bell assembles the school girls, neat and clean, in the school-room, ready for the morning lessons, which continue until half-past twelve. There the ordinary discipline of good schools for the labouring classes is strictly maintained, and though we never expect to raise our scholars to an equality with the first class of a National or British School, yet we do succeed in thoroughly grounding them in the essential elements of knowledge, in enabling them to read with pleasure and profit, sometimes even in a year, and to write a letter with tolerable correctness. A gallery lesson on geography or some interesting topic concludes the morning school, and then, with the pleasant break of dinner at one, the school girls are allowed to amuse themselves in the garden until they prepare for the afternoon sewing. Each girl has her own little plot of ground, and takes great delight in cultivating it, and raising a few flowers of her own.

This is a healthful amusement; communion with nature purifies and elevates the spirit.

At two the girls are settled in the school-room for the afternoon sewing. We make a great point of this branch of our girls' training. A thorough knowledge of the use of the needle is essential to every woman, and especially to these, who, in whatever position they may be placed, will have domestic duties to perform for themselves and others; besides, by acquiring the power of doing good needle-work, they have in their hands at all times the means of gaining a livelihood. We find also that the kind of quiet, steady discipline which this occupation affords is a valuable aid in their reformation. The girls are able to earn small sums of money by good and diligent work, these are placed in the matron's hands, but they are allowed to draw it for any purposes approved by her, and they have therefore the satisfaction of feeling, often for the first time in their lives, not only that they are contributing by their work something towards their own maintenance, but that they are able to have the well-earned pleasure of obtaining some useful article of clothing for themselves when they leave school and go into the world, or even of helping others who are suffering distress from which they are sheltered.

The three hours in the afternoon are sometimes diversified by the reading of some interesting story by a lady visitor, or by the singing of some of the sweet and beautiful pieces which they have been well taught by an excellent instructor. On two afternoons in the week they put by work earlier, to take a walk in the country before their supper, and on Saturdays they are accompanied by the older girls in a longer ramble, at the end of the week's work.

The supper-bell again assembles all together to their simple meal, at the close of which the whole of the inmates remain together, under the charge of the matron, or schoolmistress, until bed-time. On some evenings the older girls attend to their sewing, and the repairing of their clothes, while the younger ones are busy knitting warm strong

socks for a boys' reformatory, or in finishing a pressing order for shirts for the same object. Once a week the superintendent comes in from her neighbouring residence, to read some more difficult portions of Scripture with the older girls alone, in the Oak Room, and to endeavour to instil into their mind some principles which will be of use to them in the battle of life, on which they will soon enter. These evenings, when she meets them face-to-face, are remembered by them with interest in their after life, when it is a support and comfort to them to recollect that they have a friend who truly cares for them. At times she adds to her exhortations the actual experience of some of their old companions, who have gone into the world, and have written of their joys and sorrows, and who express their loving remembrance of the old place, and their hopes that the present scholars will avail themselves, better than they did, of privileges which can never be renewed to them, but of which at the time they did not comprehend the value. These warnings are not without their effect, given thus when their minds are calm, and the darkness of night is gathering round them ;—it is broken only by the distant dim glimmerings from the city, and the diamond sparklings of the beautiful stars which shine in, one after another, through the large old windows. At eight the gas is lighted ; the school girls come cheerfully in with the matron, gently take their places, sweetly sing their evening hymn, listen with reverence to some words of Holy Writ, and join in supplications at the throne of grace. Then quietly, and in order, the girls of each dormitory retire with their monitors to their own appointed places, where perfect silence is enjoined, and where, after offering their own private prayer, they soon sink into healthful slumber after the duties of the day, to rise refreshed by sleep on the morrow.

Now their teachers repose for a time from the toil which they have bestowed with devoted hearts on these poor wayward wandering children, and then they too rest. The large old pile is again still and quiet, left in confidence under

the watchful care of Him who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, and sustained by whose Fatherly love, His children need fear no evil.

MARY CARPENTER.

CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.

THE Greek and Roman writers have been the models of composition and thought in all ages. They are the early voice of the world, the lessons of its childhood, better remembered, and more cherished than all the intermediate words it has uttered. But they show the marks of childhood, when passion had not yet yielded to the sway of reason and affection. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of love to God and man. It is not in the cold philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these ; not in the marvellous teachings of Socrates, rendered in the mellifluous words of Plato ; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head ; not in the animated strain of Pindar, whose virtue is pictured in the successful strife of a victor in the Isthmian games ; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love, and the spirit of vengeance ; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Cicero ; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately Atheism of Lucretius. In none of these can we find the way of life. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been in contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two commandments on which hang the law and the prophets. Our modern writings, though they yield to those of the ancients in method, in beauty, and in freshness, are immeasurably superior in the truth, the delicacy, and the elevation of their sentiments—above all in the recognition of that great Christian revelation, the *Brotherhood of Man*. Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other all the lore of antiquity ; and the latter will be as dust in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the symmetrical crown of the palm tree trilling her perfect notes ; but even this

is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart!—CHARLES SUMNER.

ALAMONTADE.

(From Zschokke's *Autobiography*.)

I ONCE had a dream which, though I am not subject to childish superstition, I could hardly help regarding as more than accidental. I will briefly relate it, for it is worth just as much or as little as many things that happen to us in life, and to me it is more vividly present, and more interesting, than much of my waking experience. I found myself, in imagination, walking on a sandy desolate sea-shore, where I met a fine young man, who wore the wretched costume and the fetters of a galley-slave. On his pale and somewhat emaciated countenance lay an expression of silent patient suffering; but when he spoke, a whole heaven seemed to smile upon me, and I felt drawn towards him as if by enchantment. My conversation with him was the most vivid communication of soul with soul, and every word of his displayed uncommon mental culture, and a sublimity of character strangely contrasting with his degraded condition.

His name was Alamontade, and he had been condemned to the galleys, without a trial, for having endeavoured to protect the lives and the abodes of innocent men from tyrannical fury. Torn thus from all the joys of social life, from the graces and refinements of wealth, and plunged into the bitterest privations, amidst the coarsest miscreants, who boasted of their cruelty and their brutish vices; all that was dearest and holiest on earth, friends and fatherland and family lost to him for ever; shunned and pointed at by the scorn of the world; slowly wasting away under the sufferings and hardships to which he was exposed, and looking for release only from death, this young sufferer still loved his fellow-creatures, still held fast his faith in the infinite goodness of God, still maintained unbroken his heroic courage. Filled with mournful admiration, I sank at the feet of this saint, when the rattling of chains was heard, announcing the approach of his companions, and he

was compelled to leave me and go to join their ranks.

I awoke in a state of the most lively emotion, and the same morning I sketched the tale "Alamontade the Galley-Slave," which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several languages. It was not merely to preserve the memory of a beautiful dream that I was induced to put this into writing, but by the hope of strengthening myself and others, by such a representation of virtuous heroism in circumstances of hopeless misery; for not seldom had I asked myself whether I should preserve unchanged my present religious convictions amidst all possible vicissitudes of fortune, on the heights of prosperity, or in the gloomy depths of sorrow. I had tried to imagine what would be the state of my mind in circumstances of severe trial, of poverty and sickness, imprisonment and disgrace, and the privation of all sympathy from my fellow-men.

In "Alamontade" I wished to express my views of the worth of earthly existence, and of things divine, as well as of the power of a firm and unalterable faith, through all the variations of fortune. Nay, further, I even hoped to point the way to tranquillity to those who were trembling in the agonising doubt of all that was highest and most sacred, and who vainly sought to find consolation in the doctrines and promises of a Church in which they no longer put their trust. I clothed these things in the light form of a tale, because a dry philosophical treatise would probably have fallen into few hands beyond the limits of the schools, and merely have afforded a reviewer an opportunity of trying the sharpness of his critical dissecting-knife for the benefit of some learned journal.

The number of sufferers of this description is greater than might be supposed, for I subsequently received letters from many quite unknown persons in Germany and France, who were good enough to think they owed me some thanks; and, although I had little claim on their gratitude, it afforded me heartfelt pleasure to find that the seed I had scattered had fallen on such congenial soil.

RELIGIOUS MASQUERADING.

EARL RUSSELL.

We all know that when Christ was brought to trial for his life before Pontius Pilate he prayed to God that he might be spared this painful sacrifice, but concluded his prayer by saying to God, "Not my will, but Thy will be done." We all know that the Jewish mob called out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and that he underwent an ignominious and degrading death. But we have now to relate that men who are not required to endure an hour's pain for the benefit of mankind, put on all kinds of harlequin dresses, and perform all sorts of antics, to resemble, as they pretend, the great and memorable sacrifice of Christ's propitiation; and without suffering pain in a little finger pretend to imitate and assume the attitudes of our Saviour, and to accomplish in their own persons the mystery of a divine being who actually gave his life for the benefit of mankind. If this were only like one of the sacred plays of the Spanish theatre, we might be content to say that it was a contemptible farce, but assuming, as it does, to be an act to inspire devotion, and give to the Christian world a lively representation by clerical performers of the real tragedy which was performed in Jerusalem under the Roman Government more than eighteen hundred years ago, we can only pronounce it to be a shocking profanation. For my part I am ready to forgive the members of an ancient and venerable Church which in the dark middle ages of Europe thought to symbolise the creed of Christians, and to awaken the devotion of millions who could neither read nor write by statues to attract worship, and by pictures to represent the Virgin Mary and the disciples of Christ, who followed his preaching and inculcated his doctrine. But at the present time the question is totally altered. The millions who before the Revival of Letters could only be taught by signs and emblems have now been replaced by millions who have learned to read the Bible, who have been taught the words of Christ in their own native language,

and are no longer bound by the theology of subtle logicians. Indeed, it is absurd to suppose that we are on the brink of a great contest between those who have learnt the principles of the Reformation and those who wish to lead us by crooked paths, and windows that shut out the light, to the temples where truth is lost amid a blaze of light, a great pomp of dresses, and the strains of melodious music. It is very evident that the disciples of the Church of Rome wish to lead us from Confession and Absolution to the doctrine of Transubstantiation; from thence to the worship of images, and from thence to all the abuses which at the end of the 15th century and at the beginning of the 16th excited the anger and the scorn of Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, and others. The primary faith of the Reformers is in the words of Christ. The primary faith of the Ritualists is in Aristotle. It is not doubtful which way the Protestants of England will decide. They will follow in the footsteps of the Reformers. It is to be noted that the sentiments of devotion awakened by fine dresses, fine music, and dark mysteries, figured in symbols and ceremonies, are not confined to any particular religious faith. Devotion to Mahomet, or to Buddha, may be excited by the same means which prevail with the Ritualists of England in favour of the name of Christ. But another course has been taken by the leaders who laid the foundation of what we in England call the Reformation. It may be said that the Protestant congregations of England may adopt the music and the pomp of Ritualistic service and still attend to the sublime lessons of charity and humility of our Lord. This is certainly possible, but not probable. If the British nation is wise, it will not allow the Roman Church with its infallible head, or the Ritualists with their mimic ornaments, nor those who are deaf to the teachings of Socrates and of Cicero, of Bacon and of Newton, to deprive them of the inestimable blessing of the Gospel. The English nation must choose between the two; either we must adopt the Ritualistic mode of worship, or we must adhere to the principles of the Reformation.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN
BIBLE SOCIETY.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

In the earliest years of the present century there resided at Clapham Common several gentlemen, very wealthy and very benevolent. They were,—Henry Thornton, William Wilberforce, William Smith, Granville Sharpe, Zachary Macaulay, Charles Simeon, and a few others; some, if not all of them, met daily, and others who did not reside very near were frequent visitors. Thomas Clarkson (the Clarkson of the anti-slavery cause) did not reside at Clapham, nor did Brougham, but they were often there. This party of friends were denominated (in the first place, I believe, by Sydney Smith) the “*Clapham Sect.*” If a sect, they were a sect in which the orthodox *Wilberforce*, and the equally orthodox *Sharpe*, could meet on the most intimate and friendly, not to say affectionate terms with the *Unitarian* Smith. These men scarcely ever met without discussing a project for the amelioration of the condition of some portion of their fellow men. Slavery and the slave trade occupied much, but by no means the whole, of their attention. Amongst many things proposed was the formation of a society for promoting the more general circulation of the Holy Scriptures, both at home and abroad. At the first formal meeting held with this object, the chair was occupied by Granville Sharpe, and the first secretary there and then appointed was Joseph Hughes, a Baptist minister, a memorial of whom, erected in Bunhill Fields, was unveiled only a week or two since by Lord Shaftesbury. Subsequently a Mr. Owen, a minister of the Church of England, and Dr. Steinkoff, a minister of the German Lutheran Church, were appointed joint secretaries with Mr. Hughes, the doctor being “*Foreign Secretary.*”

Roman Catholics would not, of course, approve of such a society. The Church of England discouraged it. “What need,” said the authorities of that Church, “can there be of a Bible society; have we not the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge? what danger will there not be in placing the

Scriptures in the hands of ignorant people without the explanations and teachings of the instructed and duly qualified teachers? The people will fall into all kinds of error, and the consequences will be most fearful.”

It thus became evident that the society could not succeed, unless Dissenters of all denominations could be brought to act in unison. The Independents and Baptists were ready to give it their cordial support. The Unitarians were quite as ready to do so, provided the society confined itself to its professed object. The Scriptures should be circulated without note or comment. The Quakers could not sanction prayers and singing of hymns or psalms at the meetings. The Unitarians and Quakers, although far less numerous than the other sects, were wealthy and influential, and their requirements were at once conceded.

For probably thirty years after this I scarcely ever was absent from the annual meetings of the Bible Society, and I never knew that compact to be departed from. After some years it was conceded that at the commencement of a meeting a chapter might be read without comment.

The society took root and flourished. It became very popular; auxiliary societies were soon formed in all parts of the kingdom, and in almost every small town and village there was a branch society.*

The secretaries went out annually from the parent society, as a deputation to the auxiliary, and by their earnestness and eloquence won apparently the general good will. Their advent in the country towns was always considered a great event, and created unusual interest. It was, nevertheless, a very rare circumstance that a clergyman of the Church of England appeared on the platform, and, excepting Mr. Owen, who did not come a second time, I did not see a minister of that Church on the platform for five and twenty years or more.

[* About five and twenty years ago I was secretary of a branch society, and as soon as they found I had changed my theological views and was Unitarian I was displaced.]—Editor of C. F.

The Wesleyans did not appear to take a prominent interest, but their minister was sometimes present.

The Independents and Baptists were steady in their support, but where there were Quakers and Unitarians these were more prominent, and appeared to take the most active part in the arrangements. This fact, after a time, gave birth to a feeling of jealousy, and there were murmurs of dissatisfaction. It was objected that the Bible Society had fallen too much into the hands of the Unitarians, and at length it was determined to start a new society, and exclude the Unitarians altogether. However ridiculous this may seem, it was actually attempted. A new society taking the title of the *Trinitarian Bible Society* was inaugurated.

To what extent this new society may have directed subscriptions from the old society, I am ignorant, and I am equally uninformed as to where they obtained the *Trinitarian Bible*. I have heard nothing of that society for many years.

It may be six or eight years ago, I attended a Bible meeting at Hackney; I was late, and knew not what had passed. I observed Mr. Aspland on the platform, and noticed that he was not invited to move or second a resolution. Mr., now Sir Thomas Chambers, was in the chair. At the close of the meeting the orthodox doxology:—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c." was sung, which much surprised me.

On the 28th of August last, I was at the annual meeting of the Bow society. There were present the Vicar of Bow, the Vicar of St. Stephens, North Bow, Dr. James, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, Mr. Blake, Baptist minister, and others. Dr. James read a chapter from the Old Testament, which was according to rule; but then came an orthodox prayer from another minister, and there were circulated throughout the meeting, which was very numerous, filling the large hall at the Bow and Bromley Institution, printed copies of a hymn (if such it may be called) very old and well known—

"Behold the power of Jesus' name," &c., which was no doubt supposed to be

orthodox, though it is neither (as I understand it) orthodox, heterodox, or Christian.

Mr. Farnell, the Vicar of North Bow, in his speech, said he felt no objection to meeting on the same platform with ministers of differing opinions. He should have been pleased to see on the platform a Catholic or a Unitarian, but he did not remember having ever seen a Unitarian on the platform of a Bible society, a remark which occasioned a general *laugh*.

The other week, at the annual meeting of the Parent Society at Exeter Hall, Lord Shaftesbury, the appointed chairman, being late, the Archbishop of Canterbury was called to the chair, and afterwards proposed the first resolution; so that now it appears the Bible Society has "the benefit of clergy," which was withheld from it in its infancy. This meeting was opened by a prayer being offered by a Mr. Jackson, the secretary, and a passage of Scripture, not a chapter, was read.

It is not stated in the *Christian World* whether a doxology was sung or not, but most probably there was. The speakers were all orthodox. G. D.

THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.

A CHURCH of the faithful
We would build
To the Faithful One alone
Amidst the memories of the past,
And the present with its burden vast,
And the future sweeping on.

A church of the wise
We here would build,
And the blessed page unroll;
Where those lessons with deep knowledge
fraught,
Which the prophets spake and the sages
taught,
Shall fall on the listening soul.

A church of the pure
We here would build,
All bright as the virgin sod;
Where offerings fresh as the unsunned
snow,
And grand like the sounding river's flow,
Shall rise to the ear of God!

A church of the free
We here would build
In the hope and strength of youth;

Where the mind, unchartered and unbought,
May range on the glowing wings of thought
Thro' the boundless realms of truth.

A church of the noble
We would build ;
Of the men of true renown,
Of all who have stood in the glorious fight,
And bravely battled for the right,
And won the martyr's crown !

A church of the tender
We would build ;
Of the gentle and the kind ;
Who take the ministering angels' part,
And blessings shed on the wounded heart,
And soothe the anguished mind.

A church of the lowly
We would build ;
Where the outcast still may kneel,
Where the contrite shall confess his guilt,
And the hardened heart in sorrow melt,
And the peace of pardon feel.

A church of the upright
We would build ;
Of the men of steadfast word,
Who belong not to the fawning tribe,
But scorn the falsehood and the bribe,
And are true to their living Lord.

A church of the pious
We would build ;
For sweet and sacred calm,
Where freed from care our souls may bend,
And the melody of hearts ascend
In an everlasting psalm !

A church of the earnest
We would build ;
Of those who desire to grow
With deeds of worth their lives to fill,
And to make the world better still,
As God would have them do.

A church of the good
We here would build ;
A home for Christian love,
Where nought is known of sect or name,
But all good men may kindred claim
To the one great Lord above.

A church of Christ
We here would build,
Like him whom thou hast given ;
A church divine, tho' of human birth
As broad and strong as the spacious earth,
As high and fair as heaven !

S. F. MACDONALD.

THE LAST OF THE SOUTH-COTTIANS.

At the beginning of the present century the Southcottians, like the Revivalists now, shared a large amount of public attention. The other week the London papers reported the death of the last of them, Mrs. Peacock, at the age of 103. We knew her husband, Mr. Peacock, very well, an honest and industrious cooper in London, an oddity on religious matters, and a complete madman as soon as he entered into debate. Poor fellow, he committed suicide a few months ago, and the former husband of Mrs. Peacock walked into the Surrey Canal, at the head of a procession, and was drowned in open daylight. The Southcottian view of salvation was always some external deliverance from the devil or hell or some other myth, instead of salvation from ignorance and sin. See what sorrow and shame such views impose. Millions still believe in no other doctrine than external deliverance.

What a sad thing is the want of reason in religion ; and alas ! it is a common thing even now, and rather popular among a larger class of very well educated people. The last time we saw Mr. Peacock it was at a conference on religion at Stamford-street Chapel. He insisted on speaking about the importance of petitioning God to destroy the devil, and he foamed at the mouth nearly the whole time he spoke. The destruction of the devil seemed his particular mission, and he reported that over 600,000 people had signed the petition. On this point alone he seemed to be mad, for he made good pails and decently strong tubs. At last he felt the devil was in constant pursuit of him, and his only escape of this tormentor was by the destruction of his own life. So much for the influence of faith in the devil. Can we not cast out the devil by a little more common sense in our teaching and exposition of the Bible ? Unitarians have yet a great work to do before they shall be able to say the last of the class has gone who seemed to pay more attention to the doctrine of hell and the devil than ever they did to God and Heaven.

PROOF TEXTS.

SOME of our friends have protested against defending the Unitarian views from proof texts in the New Testament, alleging that the Trinitarians can adduce an equal number of texts. We totally deny that they can adduce a single text when taken with the context for any of their doctrines. We have just had a leaflet sent to us by a Trinitarian with such texts as they advance. We shall notice a few of them as striking as any others on the paper. We are reminded in this business of a curate in the North who gave a little girl of a Unitarian family the task of finding a dozen proof texts in the New Testament in favour of the deity of Jesus Christ. The dear little soul told her aunt this duty was to be done before she went to school on the Monday morning. Her aunt promised to help her, and so commenced by putting on the school paper: "My Father is greater than I." "Jesus increased in favour with God and man." "I go to my God and your God." "The head of Christ is God," &c. &c. The curate on the Monday said that *none* of these proved the "deity of Christ." Certainly not; and we can say the same of the following from the orthodox leaflet before us: "No man ever taught like *this man*." "But of that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son, but the Father*." "My Father is *greater than I*." "All power is given to me in heaven and earth." Our orthodox brethren must be rather hard pushed to make up a list of proof texts when they print such as the above to convert Unitarians. No, no; the Bible cannot be turned into Trinitarian purposes, and the Unitarians are right in using the pages of this holy book to confound those who think their scheme of salvation and doctrine can be found in its pages. Our cause of simple scriptural religious truth would prosper more, and win a widening way, if we used the Bible more and pressed its argument. We may say with Dr. Watts:—

"When all the schemes that men devise,
Assault my soul with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart."

REVIVALS OF RELIGION
AMONG CHILDREN.

IT is very difficult to say to what extreme of folly some men will go, and as revivals are now the fashion, we learn that efforts are being made in this country to get up revivals among little children. This business has been attempted in America by some Americans, headed by our countryman Mr. Varley. We shall adduce a few extracts from American papers, otherwise this folly could scarcely be credited.

The *New Jerusalem Messenger* says that Rev. Henry Varley, formerly a London butcher, reports:—"In an address to Sunday-school teachers, in the Broadway Tabernacle, which was crowded to suffocation, he is reported to have said that 'the worst thing a teacher can do is to teach a child to be good.' They should aim wholly to secure their direct and immediate regeneration. His son was regenerated when he was six years old. Regenerate the children first, and teach them to be good afterwards." We have never seen the doctrine of salvation by faith alone presented in so naked a form before. If the Sunday-school teachers of New York accept his doctrine, and act upon it, his teaching will cause more harm to our children than the prince of humbugs has ever done.

The *Gospel Banner* says: Mr. Henry Varley has been preaching to children, and in Mr. Hepworth's Church (among other places), children of six, eight, and ten years, about their dreadful state by nature, and their exposure to hell. It is like the preaching, and like the method of Hammond, at the West. The daily papers, some of them, are outspoken and sensible in their condemnation of this effort to excite and frighten the young to unite with the Church, and enter the Kingdom of God. But Mr. Hepworth tolerates this fanaticism, and anything else—it sometimes seems to us—which will keep a throng at his Church. The conversion of children is what these men are aiming at. Hundreds of children are brought together and told that unless they are converted, and become like Br. Varley, and Br. Hepworth, and the adult saints before them, they can never

enter into the Kingdom of God. One cannot but contrast this with the method of Him who set a child in the midst of his own disciples, eighteen hundred years ago, and assured them—adult saints perhaps they thought they were—that they must become like that child before even they could enter into the divine kingdom. Something of a contrast between Mr. Varley's teachings, and those of Christ!

The *Christian Register* has the following in large type:—"The Children's revival." A recent despatch to the *Boston Post* gave an interesting account of the juvenile converts now considered small jewels in the crown of Mr. Varley, the English revivalist, who has come over, single-handed, to do for America what Messrs. Moody and Sankey are doing for Great Britain. This revival took place at "Dr. Hepworth's church," and it embraced the lambs of that flock and other up-town folds. The church was thronged with minute candidates for conversion, four years old and upwards, some of them attended by their mothers or nurses. Mr. Varley assured the children that all who join the Church are Christ's lambs, "whether they be young or old, whether they yield 10lb. of wool, or eight, or seven, or six, or only one." To show that "little children can bear much wool," he read a letter from his daughter Alice, aged nine, "who tells me she has, since I left home, led seventeen of her young schoolmates to the gates of salvation." "Then the preacher read some religious verses written by his boy Tommy, aged eight last June."

After earnest exhortations in behalf of a better life, Mr. Varley asked those who wished to come to Christ to "stand right up," some with tears, and others "with mischievous smiles," joined the penitential band until it numbered eighty-two. Then Mr. Varley took them into a smaller room to get their experiences. We are told that "the young regenerates toddled after him with demure, sober, anxious looks in their chubby faces. He ranged them in formal rows in a room, on chairs whose highest rounds were almost too low to support their dangling legs."

Some had to be prompted by their mothers before they could make a satisfactory profession of faith, but "In conclusion, all promised to lead better lives, and to come to the revival meetings whenever they could; and then they were carefully wrapped up in their mufflers and tippets by their guardians and led home."

We hardly know whether it is better to laugh or to cry over this procedure. There is certainly a comedy in it, but there is also a tragedy. Scoffers could hardly ask for a better burlesque of conversion, but thoughtful Christians who know how injurious this forcing process is to the souls of the young, are grieved and indignant. To collect little children and encourage them to make a parade of their spiritual experiences, with canting talk about their bad hearts and wicked lives, seems to us a sin of no ordinary magnitude. We find it impossible to forgive Mr. Varley or anybody else who is guilty of it. We have friends who ascribe the spiritual deadness of their later lives to the manipulations of revivalists who tore open the buds of their spirits and exposed them ruthlessly to the public gaze. They always speak of such outrages with the bitterest regret, as resulting in the most harmful reactions.

The account of what was done at Mr. Hepworth's church does not give such a painful picture as may be found in the book of the Rev. Mr. Halliday, assistant pastor of Plymouth Church. Mr. Varley does not seem to have scared his infants with such thoroughness or such zest as did his comparatively brutal American rival, but this does not prevent us from wishing that he could have a revelation of common sense.

HOW TO RETAIN ADVANCED SCHOLARS.

A WRITER for the *Sunday School World* quotes the saying of a bright boy who, on hearing the question discussed, "What can be done to retain advanced pupils in our Sabbath schools?" remarked, "I can tell you what to do, teach them something," and improves it in this wise:—

If the teacher would meet the re-

sponsibility of his position, and sustain an interest in the minds of his pupils, he must teach them something. If this be neglected, every device for rendering the Sabbath school popular will either fail at the outset, or after a brief period of success it will wear out. A healthy interest is created and sustained only by thorough scriptural instruction: Biblical truth is in the highest degree adapted to arrest and hold the attention of the young. They are not, to the same extent as older persons, indifferent to their spiritual interests, or opposed to the gospel, and there is no department of knowledge that to a mind in a moral condition is more intensely interesting. How long would a teacher of a secular school retain his pupils if he made the same sort of preparation that is made by many Sabbath-school teachers? If *he* would interest his pupils, he must "teach them something," and it is not less important in the Sabbath-school.

In fact, the very least of the children get more and more interested in the school when they feel that some food is given every Sunday. How much more so the elder children.

IMPOSED CONFESSIONS OF FAITH.

M. ATHANASE COQUEREL.

A CONFESSION of faith which the pastors, deacons, and elders, the communicants and members, are obliged to sign or swear to on receiving the ministry, the consistorial functions, or on becoming members in a church, is an instrument of discord.

A confession of faith freely adopted and adhered to without a renunciation of liberty, without an imprudent signature or a rash oath, is a means of peace.

An imposed confession of faith is a chain which must be broken with violence to escape from it. Its renunciation is attended with scandal.

A voluntary confession of faith is an alliance; it may be peaceably quitted when the conviction of its containing the truth ceases. It may be given up without any breach of charity.

An imposed confession is a declaration at the commencement of a religious life or of the sacred ministry, that we shall think in the same manner upon all the most important dogmas of the faith until the end of our lives. There is an abrogation of the future.

A voluntary confession is a declaration that we cannot foresee what light, what grace, what means of edification, and what effusions of the Holy Spirit, God may bestow upon us. There is a reservation of the future.

An imposed confession dispenses with study, and disinclines to it more and more.

A voluntary confession compels to it, and unceasingly requires it.

An imposed confession cannot exist without domineering over the conscience.

A voluntary confession guarantees its independence.

An imposed confession seeks to maintain unity by excluding from the church and the priesthood whoever rejects a single one of its principles. It creates schism.

A voluntary confession maintains unity by excluding those only who exclude themselves. It serves as a ground of union.

An imposed confession introduces an apparent and external harmony, and a similarity of words, of liturgies and of formularies.

A voluntary confession founds a real and internal harmony, the concord of consciences, of minds and of hearts, the concord of prayers and of sacraments.

An imposed confession is an engagement made with man.

A voluntary one, an engagement made with God.

An imposed confession may receive adhesions from motives of interest.

A voluntary one promotes disinterestedness.

An imposed confession may engender hypocrisy, and conceal mental reservations under the subscriptions to it.

A voluntary confession produces sincerity, and conceals nothing.

Lastly, an imposed confession puts, contrarily to St. Paul, faith above everything.

HOW CONVERTS ARE MADE.

YES, said the preacher, we must hold them over the fiery furnace, we must shake them up with the smell of brimstone, and then they will cry for mercy! We were much reminded as we heard these words of a letter that appeared in the *Standard* some time ago, headed, "Fifty thousand Russian converts." The writer shows how the whip made these converts, surely as honourable as the fear of Hell, the revivalist whip. But the letter is so interesting we shall append it.

To the Editor of the Standard.

Sir,—We live in a wonderful age, and the account the papers are giving us of the conversion in twenty-four hours of 50,000 "Uniates" in Poland to Russian orthodoxy would alone prove it to be so. I happen to know something of these matters myself, having personally assisted, *nolens volens*, at the "edifying" conversion of about 2000 Tchouvash peasants in the government of Kazan, made "Christians," not in twenty-four but in less than four hours. The Tchouvash — whose customs and religious ceremonies I have described in my work on Kazan — were pagans. The Emperor Nicholas determined to convert these unbelievers to Russian Christianity; so on a given day, a regiment of Cossacks, armed with whips — the governor general, the high clergy, the other great officials presiding — and a sufficient supply of cannon, muskets, pikes, and bayonets in the rear, the task of "conversion" began — *id est*, the task of scourging ; and so effectually were these Christian arguments applied; *ad hominem*, that on bended knees, full of zeal, fervour, and gratitude, the Tchouvash peasants kissed the cross, signed their names with a "cross" also, *ça va sans dire*, and went to their homes with bleeding backs, blessing "the white Tzar" for the benefit done them and heaven. But that I had better not touch on.

A few months later, when they had received full instructions in Christian doctrines, I chanced to visit one of the "converted" Tchouvash Christian villages. A crowd of hirsute Christians of the race were gathered round me. "You believe in Jesus, God the Son?"

said I. "Oh yes, master, we do indeed — indeed we do," and the Cossack whips floated before their eyes when they answered my question. "And in God the Father also?" I inquired. The crowd were puzzled, bewildered, terrified at the answer they had to make. At length one grey beard, evidently an authority among them, came forward, and said gravely and solemnly, "What master? is the old man still alive?" Not being able to persuade themselves that the Son could reign even in heaven until the Father had ceased to live and breathe there. This was "Russian conversion" and "Russian instruction," and as these 50,000 converts will no doubt find a place in history it will be well if the "methods of conversion" adopted were coupled with it.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

TRACY TURNERELLI,
Author of "Kazan."

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work out my task with a resolute
will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,
That flow through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows
And over and over again
The ponderous windmill goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try it again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learnt,
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven,
With storm and with tempest, we need
them all
To render us meet for heaven.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

REASONS FOR BREVITY.—A journalist sums up the value of newspaper articles in this fashion :—A two column article has one reader in 100 ; a one column and a half, one reader in 75 ; a column article, one reader in 50 ; a three-quarter column article, one reader in 25 ; a half column, one reader in 10 ; a quarter-column article is read by every one.

INBORN DEPRAVITY.—A preacher was enlarging at the street corner on the wickedness of men's hearts, and that it would come out to the surface of their lives. A rather witty fellow asked the preacher to halt for a minute while he impressed the people around with a capital illustration of the truth of what the preacher was saying. A very dirty boy said he was asked why he was always so dirty, the boy replied, "I am told I was made of the dust, and I suppose it works out."

"THE OLD WOMAN."—This is what a big boy called his mother, the other day. Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and very courteously, tenderly, of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eyes are dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love you when she has passed away—kind-hearted sisters perhaps, or she whom of all the world you choose as a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately; children may love you fondly, but never again, never while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old trembling mother has been.

TO PARENTS.—It is of vast importance, if you would keep young people at home in the evening, to interest them in good books or some innocent or useful entertainment. We may say the microscope is an unending source of enjoyment; insects of various kinds can be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mould is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much ease as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like oxen on a meadow. A speck of potato rot, the size of a pin head, contains about two hundred of these little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely.

DIFFERENT SEASONS.—A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

THREE DISTURBERS OF PEACE.—One day when the Rev. Mr. Harness, whose memoirs were recently published, was staying at a famous country house, he found a gentleman pacing up and down the parlour in the most distressing agitation of mind. "Is there anything the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously. "The matter!" he replied, "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that could possibly happen to a man: I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity!"

CALLING SELF TO THE FRONT.—How many men try to interest others in calling themselves to the front of affairs, and receive little else than much mortification. At a political meeting the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called out for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on this man bawled out—"Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was airing his eloquence in magniloquent style, striking out powerfully at his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry. Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" The chairman now rose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further call for Mr. Henry, as Mr. Henry was speaking. "Is that Mr. Henry?" asked the disturber of the meeting. "Why! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why that's the little fellow that kept telling me to call out for Mr. Henry!"

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